

## IN A BLAZE OF GLORY

THE DRAMATIC EXIT OF OLD CAP FROM LIFE'S STAGE.

He Lived a Wild Life and Wanted a Wild Death, and He Summoned a Wild Audience to See Him Do His Final Wild Act.

"The longing for the center of the stage exists not only in the centers of civilization," said a man who had gone west, made his pile in mining and come back to enjoy himself. "You'll find it up in the Rockies among the hardest, toughest citizens that ever handled a pick or shot a bear. The melodramatic instinct is mighty strong in most men, and the glare of the calcium is eagerly sought after by many who won't admit it. I knew an old man out in Arizona some years ago who was one of this kind. He was about the most 'don't give a darn' cuss I ever knew. He lived up in the mountains, about ten miles back of Tucson, all by himself.

"How he managed to live I never knew, but he seemed contented. His evil deeds never seemed to worry him any, and the Lord knows his record was black enough. He had been a great gun fighter in his time, and even in the days I speak of it wouldn't do to tread on his toes. He loved to tell of his wild life, and the frankness with which he related his somewhat questionable escapades made him an excellent entertainer if you didn't happen to feel squeamish. Squeamishness isn't a common fault out that way, and everybody knew and liked Old Cap—that's what they called him—except the few who had been in trouble with him at one time or another.

"Now, no one ever thought that Old Cap was spectacular. He was the last man on earth who would be thought likely to want the center of the stage for any of his stunts. But he did, and the climax of his life was more pyrotechnical than any man's I ever got mixed up with. He certainly did go out in a blaze of glory. It all happened about seven years ago. I was in Tucson. A lot of us boys were sitting around in front of a grinnell one afternoon, just talking about things in general. Our horses were tied in the yard at the back. It was a mighty fine day, just warm enough for solid comfort out of doors, and with the sky as clear as absolute dryness could make it. It was one of these days, you know, when you throw your chest out and congratulate yourself on being alive.

"As I was saying, we all sat on easy pecker chairs, talking and whittling I reckon, when down the street came a 10-year-old boy riding a broncho. We recognized him as a youngster who lived a couple of miles this side of Old Cap's on the same trail. He rode right up to where we were sitting and rolled off his horse, with his eyes a-popping and his breath a-panting.

"What's the matter, bub?" asked a tall Texan, who was in the party.

"Old Cap says 'come right up t' his place right off an fetch all th' men yer kin git. Th' Injuns is comin'."

"The Indians were always liable to bust loose and do something nobody suspected, so we got our horses out in a jiffy and started up the trail to save Old Cap. There were about a dozen of us, and we had our Winchester and six shooters with us. When we got near to Old Cap's we slowed up a bit and began to look pretty sharp for Indians, but not a sign of a redskin could we see.

"We'll be in time, boys," said the Texan, who was leading the band. "Ef we get to Old Cap's cabin we kin stand off a pretty smart lot."

"Old Cap's cabin was situated in a clearing off the trail around a bend, with high rocks hiding it until you came out in the open. We reached the turn in safety and swept around it at full gallop. There we saw, first of all, the little cabin looking as snug as usual, and then we noticed Old Cap sitting astride a keg about ten feet in front of his door. His big, gray sombrero was cocked to one side, and the red scarf about his neck gave him the look of a stage hero of the plains. He had heard our horses' hoofs beating the rocky trail before we wheeled into view, and he was ready for us. Waiting until we had come within 75 yards of him, he lifted his hat and moved it above his head with a hoarse, wild yell. As I think of it now it sounded like the cry of a madman. Then he reached into his pocket and drew forth a match. This he drew carefully across a rock which was within reach of the keg upon which he sat, and saving it from the breeze until it was safely lighted he opened his legs and dropped it between them.

"There was a yellow puff of smoke tinged with a flash of red, and then a terrific roar. Old Cap's body flew skyward, and when it came down it didn't look like a human being's. He had been sitting on a keg of powder and had deliberately blown himself up. Funny thing for a man to do, wasn't it? Old Cap apparently got tired of life and decided to kill himself. He wanted an audience. So he sent the kid out to drum one up. He got what he wanted, but it wasn't a very sympathetic one. Men don't go much on gush out there, and the Texan was a little sore about the trick we'd had played on us. He helped to straighten out the corpse, and then he sat down on a bowlder and gazed at it.

"Well," he said finally, "he certainly did give himself a good send off!" And the rest of the gang guffawed loud enough to start the echoes down the valley.

"But it was all pretty human when you come to think of it. Old Cap had the center of the stage when the curtain dropped, and his audience then proceeded to forget him."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Most people who rob Peter to pay Paul forget the last part of the contract.—New York News.

## A LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Goodbye forever, my darling,  
Dear to me even now,  
Though I give you back your promise  
And release you from your vow.  
I have learned that the love I sought for  
Had been given away before,  
And I know that love in your nature  
Is "love forever more."

Yet I wish you had not answered  
In words so tender and fair,  
For I could have borne it better,  
Though I had been hard to bear.  
That your heart was truly for aye,  
I should not have known the sorrow  
That crushes my heart today.

Yet, why should I weakly blame you  
For the thoughts in my bosom hid?  
'Twas my own fond heart that led me  
To love you as I did.  
And now I must hide my sorrow,  
As I hid my hope before,  
And put it away in silence—  
To be spoken of no more.  
For since I know I possess not  
The love that had been such prize,  
Shall I wait till my idol crumbles  
To ashes before my eyes?  
No! Rather farewell forever,  
And long may the loveliest shine  
On the fairer part you have chosen—  
It will beam no more on mine.

Better if death had robbed me,  
For then I could love you still.  
Your memory would have served me  
To work with a stronger will.  
Now is my dream but a sorrow,  
And my heart hath a sense of shame,  
Remembering the empty promise  
And the love that was only a name—  
Remembering the flowers of joy  
That brought a fruition of pain,  
And the bliss that I held for an hour  
I held it and lost it again.  
I embarked my soul's best treasure  
To drift on a boundless sea,  
I have gathered life's fairest blossoms—  
There will come no fruit to me.

E. E. FISHER.

## A SOLEMN OCCASION.

The Only Interview Buchanan Had With His Vice President.

Vice President Stevenson used to tell a story which John C. Breckinridge had told him to illustrate the traditional relations between the president and the man whose principle business it is to wait for the possible death of the president, in order that he may take the president's chair.

Breckinridge said that Buchanan never consulted him about any important matter, although as a Kentuckian, having the confidence of most of the southern leaders, he felt that his advice might at times have been valuable to the president. In the early fall of 1860, when Buchanan's term was nearing an end, and the gathering clouds of war, Vice President Breckinridge received an urgent summons to the White House. He responded at once, thinking that at last the president wanted his advice on the momentous questions then pending. When he arrived he was shown into the president's room, and Mr. Buchanan, who was alone, called his private secretary and instructed him to see that they were not disturbed by anybody during the important conference which was to follow.

When the private secretary had withdrawn, the president unlocked the private drawer in his desk, took out a manuscript, sat down with great solemnity, and said to Vice President Breckinridge, in his most impressive manner, "I want to read you the draft of my Thanksgiving day proclamation and to get your opinion of it."

The vice president controlled his facial muscles, listened respectfully and seriously made some complimentary remarks about the important document, and, with his customary courtesy, bowed and smiled his way out from the only interview to which he was ever invited by President Buchanan.—Boston Herald.

## He Worked the Grocer.

A true story of a dog found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses has been recently told. The animal is very fond of crackers, and has been taught by his owner to go after them himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the grocer's, bringing his master's orders for crackers until the clerks became careless about reading the document. One day the man came in and complained that he had been charged for much more crackers than he had ordered. There was quite a dispute over it, and the next time the dog came in the grocer took the trouble to look at the paper. It was blank; and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for crackers he hunted up a piece of paper and trotted off to the grocery store.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Begging Letters For the Rich.

A lady living less than a day's journey from New York had the curiosity the other day to make certain calculations in order to see how large a part of her property she would have had to sacrifice had she granted all the requests made for money within a period of 42 days. She kept all the begging letters received during that time, added together the amounts they asked for and then discovered that had she granted each individual request for money she would have disbursed \$1,600,000. And this, be it remembered, in a short period of six weeks.—Harper's Bazar.

## How Care Kills.

Wise people have long been aware that "care killed a cat," but it has been left to the X rays to explain how and why. Dr. Fritz Lange of Munich has turned his fluorescent screen upon the stomach of a happy and contented cat and has seen the process of digestion going on as it should in all well regulated stomachs. Then he has introduced care and irritation into the feline mind by placing a live mouse just beyond reach and has seen digestion stopped thereby.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may cry out on behalf of the cat, or the mouse, or both, but the lesson against worrying is as complete as any Christian Scientist could desire. Worrying stops digestion, causes dyspepsia, retards all the normal physical processes and demoralizes both body and mind. It wastes the forces of life, destroying the tissues without accomplishing anything.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Woman's Bluff.

Of course you know the story of the woman who heard two men at a hotel table discussing her very impertinently in German, whereupon she very politely asked one of them for the salt in German. It's a very old story, and sometimes the language is French, and the salt is left out, but the story is the same, and goodness only knows how many writers, from Howells up and from Howells down, have told it with variations. So old it is that when a woman I know began to tell it to me the other day as a personal experience I felt the joy that one feels at meeting an old friend.

"I was in a car," she began, "and two men sat opposite me. Of course I knew they were talking about me. I'd have known it even if they had been speaking Sanskrit, which they weren't. They were gossiping in German. I stood it as long as I could, and then I dropped my purse. One of the men instantly picked it up. 'Thank you,' I said in German. My dear, if you could have seen those men's faces! They didn't say another word for six blocks."

"But what were they saying about you?"

"Oh," said she cheerily, "I haven't an idea. I don't know one word of German but 'Thank you.'"

And I wonder if the woman in the story who asks for the salt—well, perhaps her request, too, was what in the vernacular one calls a bluff.—Washington Star.

## A Marriage Fee.

A clergyman of Georgia was once standing in the courthouse when a Hoosier came in to see the ordinary in order to procure a marriage license. The countryman asked for "a pair of licenses," and on making the purchase necessary to being united in the holy bonds of matrimony inquired of the ordinary, "Who can I get to marry me?"

The ordinary replied that he could perform the ceremony, or the parson, standing near, would probably accommodate him. The countryman turned to the parson and asked if he would marry him. The parson readily consented and asked the would be bridegroom, "Where's your gal?"

He replied, "Out yonder—in the street."

The parson said, "Fetch her in."

Then she was "fotch" in and the "knot tied." The bridegroom asked the parson the amount of indebtedness incurred and was told that no charge was made, but that he always left the matter for the bridegroom to decide.

The latter replied: "I've got no money. I've got a load of punkins out yonder. I'll give you a punkin."—Homiletic Review.

## Pat's Reasoning.

Some years ago an Irishman named Pat Noonan had a vegetable stand in one of the city markets. Pat was a chronic kicker. One day he was complaining to the superintendent of the market that the rent of his stall was altogether too high, and after giving various reasons why it should be materially reduced, he wound up by solemnly declaring that he was losing at least \$1,000 a year.

"Well, Pat, if that's the case," said the superintendent dryly, "I'd advise you to sell out and quit the business at once. You certainly can't afford to keep on if you are running behind \$1,000 a year."

"Sure, an I know it," said Pat philosophically. "The business is ruinin me intirely, but I moight ez well stick to it now that I'm at it. I've got to do somethin to make a livin, an if I quit sellin cabbages an praties an start at some other thrade I moight be afther losin more yet. I dunno."

The superintendent concluded to lower Mr. Noonan's rent and allow him to remain in the vegetable business.—New York World.

## No Wonder It Pained.

A tender hearted old woman noticed a horse with a broad rubber band stretched around its leg just above the hoof. She asked the waiting driver of the cab why it was there and suggested that it was more than cruel to place it on the animal.

"Yes, mum," replied the cabby, "it's painful to the horse, no doubt, but that is not the worst of it. It's the getting of it on that pains the poor thing. Why, we had to stretch the band and pull it over the horse's head and down all his body to get it on."

"For the land's sake alive!" exclaimed the woman and walked away horrified.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Tactful Messenger Boy.

"One of the beautiful traits in the make up of Washington messenger boys," said a railroad man who lives in Washington, "is their tactfulness." I think otherwise. They are chock full of and loaded down with tact—with the copper on. To illustrate:

"My wife went over to New York a few weeks ago to attend the bedside of a seriously ill relative, who was not expected to live. This morning I was sitting in my office, wondering why I hadn't got a letter from her by the first mail, when a tousle headed messenger boy joggled open the door.

"Where'll I find de office o' Mr. —?" he asked, mentioning my name.

"Right here, son," said I. "You're talking to him."

"Well," said the kid, measuring me up, with the probable expectation that I'd do a stage back fall. I've got a death message for you, an they tole me at th' office that it was important."

"Nice, mild, tactful way of putting it, wasn't it? He just left it up to me to wonder, while I was ripping the envelope open, whether the message announced the death of our aged relative or the decease of my wife. It happened to be the former, but I am inclined to believe that that boy would have been just a bit better pleased had it been the latter."—Washington Post.

The first duty of a real man is to do his real duty first.—Kansas City Star.

## UTILIZING THE GOUT.

It Has Power to Soothe the Man With a Cracked Shoe.

"Every now and then," said a man of moderate means, "something happens to remind me that I am only a novice in the art of life. For instance, my shoes were wearing out, and in one of them there was an ugly crack in the top. If there is one thing more disturbing to me than another, it is the sight of a shoe on one of my feet with a hole in the top. But I had not the money wherewith to buy another pair, and, though it may seem ridiculous, I couldn't very well spare the quarter that it would cost for a patch, to say nothing of the fact that a patched shoe is little less unsightly in my eyes than one with a hole in it.

"Walking, in this predicament, one day, I met a friend, whose means, so far as I knew, were little, if any, greater than my own. He now had in the top of one of his trimly blacked shoes a carefully cut round hole. Since I had last seen him he had apparently prospered enough to have got the gout, a fact on which I ventured to comment.

"Why," he said, "you can get precisely the same kind of gout with a pair of shears." And then he smiled. He always was blithe and gay, no matter what betided.

"Well, when I got home I enlarged that hole in the top of my shoe to the size and respectability of a gout opening, and now, when I go down in the morning on the elevated, I don't hold that foot with the broken shoe curled under the seat, back of the other ankle, as though I had a curious habit that way, but I place it boldly out in front, and I read the paper with the air of a man who is going down town with his surplus interest money to take a little flier in stocks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## AWED BY THE AUTHORS.

But By and By Mr. Williams Got Over His Timidity.

Some day perhaps Jesse Lynch Williams may follow his book of newspaper stories with some sketches of magazine office life. He has had experiences, and he can write them.

Here is one of them: "When I first went to Scribner's Magazine," he said, "I was a walking interrogation point. The editor would toss a letter across the table just like a common piece of paper, saying: 'Here's a letter from Kipling. It's all right.' It might as well have been a note from his tailor.

"I stood by and shivered at the sacrilege. And the typewriters! They would pound out letters to Meredith, Stockton, James, Howells and Kipling just as they might have done to me, without changing a feature or missing a punctuation mark, and I marveled at their nerve. One day a stout, middle aged man brushed by me in the office. We begged each other's pardon.

"Hold on a minute," called the editor. "I want to speak to you, Howells."

"Is that Howells? I asked the office boy.

"Sure."

"Mr. Howells?"

"Yes."

"Mr. W. D. Howells?"

"Cert."

"Mr. William Dean Howells?"

"The same."

"And I softly caressed the sleeve that the novelist had brushed against as if it had been touched by a saint. But after awhile the feeling of awe wore off. We deal in authors. That's our business."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

## A Coincidence.

"Are you superstitious?" said one young lady to another in a confidential chat.

"No; that is, I never was until yesterday. A very strange thing occurred to a friend of mine then, and now I do not know whether I am superstitious or not. It happened in this way: She and I were sitting in her room, and she was telling me the details of her marriage engagement, which had been broken off that very day. While she was talking she raised her left arm and threw it over the back of the chair where she was sitting, and as she did so a heavy link bracelet fell to the floor. It was her engagement bracelet and had been locked on her arm for more than a year. How or why it came unfastened I do not know."—Detroit Free Press.

## Kansas Husbands.

A woman takes great consolation in thinking that some day when she is laid in the cold, cold ground her husband will wish he had her back to tell her how sorry he is that he treated her so mean. She imagines him weeping over the sod and wishing he could see her, if only for a moment, to ask her forgiveness. But he will not appear in such a scene. On the contrary, he will probably be chasing after some other woman.—Atchison Globe.

## Big Money.

One of the largest and most cumbersome forms of money is found in Central Africa, where the natives use a cruciform ingot of copper ore over 10 inches long. It is heavy enough to be a formidable weapon.

## Difficulties.

"There is some one giving away the facts concerning our secret proceedings," exclaimed one official. "But we haven't really done anything."

"Of course. And that's the damaging fact which has been divulged."—Washington Star.

The wheat of Mexico amounts in value to nearly \$30,000,000 a year. The rice crop is worth \$6,000,000. Ten million dollars' worth of beans are grown each year, for beans form a staple article of diet among the peasants.

The man who suggests a compromise has usually been whipped.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

## A Blind Professor.

Last June there graduated from the South Carolina College a young man who broke all records at that institution. John Swearingen, of Edgefield, though blind went through the entire college course and graduated at the head of his class. He was pronounced by the faculty the most remarkable man they had ever known. Upon his graduation Mr. Swearingen went to his home in Edgefield where he has quietly spent the summer. Now he has been elected a professor in the State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind at Cedar Springs and soon enters upon his duties there. It is understood to be his purpose to save his money and complete his education at Harvard University. He is ambitious to enter the legal profession. All who know him feel sure that a brilliant future awaits him.—The State, Sept. 22.

For corroboration of some things the State has been saying about cotton recently, look at the market reports printed today. The southern mills hold the lever which is lifting the cotton world at this time, and it is a proud day for the south when this is the case. It can now fully realize its power and set to work to increase it. The value of a moderate crop is also exhibited. Cotton is nearly one third higher than it was a year ago, and the rise isn't ended yet. This crop was made on a five cents basis and those farmers who have been so fortunate as to escape the drought and make a fair crop are going to have profits. Even the drought stricken will not suffer if the price continues to advance. At present prices South Carolina is \$4,000,000 better off than it would have been with the same crop at last September's figures.—State.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE  
North-Eastern R. R. of S. C.  
CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

## TRAINS GOING SOUTH

Dated	No.	No.	No.
Apr. 17, '99	35*	23*	53*
Le Florence	3 25	7 45	
Le Kingstree	8 03	8 55	
Ar Lanes	4 33	9 13	p m
Le Lanes	4 33	9 13	6 20
Ar Charleston	6 03	10 50	8 00

## TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 78*	No. 32*	No. 52*
	a m	p m	a m
Le Charleston	6 33	4 49	7 00
Ar Lane	8 03	6 14	8 32
Le Lane	8 03	6 14	
Le Kingstree	8 20		
Ar Florence	9 20	7 20	
	a m		a m

\*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.  
No. 52 runs through to Columbia via Central R. R. of S. C.  
Trains Nos. 78 and 32 run via Wilson and Fayetteville—Short Line—and make close connection for all points North.

Trains on C. & D. R. R. leave Florence daily except Sunday 9 50 a. m., arrive Darlington 10 15 a. m., Harrisville 9 15 a. m., Cheraw 11 30 a. m., Wadesboro 2 25 p. m., leave Florence daily except Sunday 7 55 p. m., arrive Darlington 8 20 p. m., Bennettsville 9 17 p. m., Gibson 9 45 p. m., leave Florence Sunday only 9 30 a. m., arrive Darlington 10 05 a. m.

Leave Gibson daily except Sunday 6 00 a. m., Bennettsville 7 00 a. m., arrive Darlington 8 00 a. m., leave Darlington 8 50 a. m., arrive Florence 9 15 a. m., leave Wadesboro daily except Sunday 3 00 p. m., Cheraw 4 45 p. m., Harrisville 7 00 a. m., Darlington 6 25 p. m., arrive Florence 7 00 p. m., leave Darlington Sunday only 8 50 a. m., arrive Florence 9 15 a. m.

J. R. KENLY, JNO. F. DIVINE,  
Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Sup't  
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager,  
H. W. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

## DR. W. B. ALFORD,

DENTAL SURGEON,  
SUMTER, S. C.

Office Hours—8 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.; 3:15 to 6:30 p. m.

Office over the Sumter Dry Goods Co.  
May 2—6mAtlantic Coast Line Railroad  
Company of South Carolina.

## CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect November 20th, 1898.

## SOUTHBOUND.

No.	No.	No.
35	57†	82
Le Darlington	8 02 a m	8 45 a m
Ar Elliott	8 25 a m	9 25 a m
Le Sumter	4 29 a m	
Ar Sumter	5 17 a m	
Le Creston		5 45 a m
Ar Creston		9 15 a m
Le Pagnallia	5 40 a m	
Ar Orangeburg	6 12 a m	
Ar Denmark		

## NORTHBOUND.

No.	No.	No.
32	56†	82
Le Denmark	4 17 p m	10 00 a m
Ar Orangeburg	4 00 p m	3 50 p m
Le Creston	5 13 p m	
Ar Creston	6 03 p m	
Le Sumter		6 40 p m
Ar Sumter		7 20 p m
Le Elliott		8 05 p m
Ar Darlington		

†Daily except Sunday.

Trains 82 and 35 carry through Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping cars between New York and Macon via Augusta.

T. M. EMERSON, H. M. EMERSON,  
Traffic Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt  
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.

## SOUTHERN RAILWAY.



Condensed Schedule in Effect June 11th, 1899.

No. 11 No. 3	EASTERN TIME.	No. 6 No. 12
Daily Daily		Daily Daily
5:00p 7:00a Lv. Charleston	Ar 11:00a 8:15p	
6:00p 7:41a " Summerville	Ar 10:15a 7:25p	
7:00p 8:53a " Branchville	Ar 9:25a 6:35p	
8:20p 9:23a " Orangeburg	Ar 8:25a 5:35p	
9:20p 10:15a " Kingville	Ar 7:30a 4:35p	
10:40a " Camden Junction	Ar 6:35p 3:50p	
11:40a " Camden	Ar 5:35p 3:00p	
10:10p 11:00a Ar. Columbia	Lv. 6:45a 3:55p	

5:00p 7:00a Lv. Charleston	Ar 11:00a 8:15p
7:00p 8:53a " Summerville	Ar 10:15a 7:25p
8:20p 9:23a " Orangeburg	Ar 8:25a 5:35p
9:20p 10:15a " Kingville	Ar 7:30a 4:35p
10:40p 11:00a Ar. Augusta	Lv. 6:20a 3:10p